

**boy**

**unsweetened\_lance**

## boy by unsweetened\_lance

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Angst, Boys Kissing, Canon Timeline, Each section is a new year, M/M, Mostly Fluff, Pining, and stan is head over heels for bill, but not really

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-08

**Updated:** 2017-11-08

**Packaged:** 2020-02-01 13:36:11

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 741

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Stanley met a boy.

(based off the song Boy by Willow)

## boy

Hey, mom, I met a boy. He plays guitar.

"How come you never told me you played guitar?" Stanley asked, looking over from the wooden desk. Seeming hidden, or like there was an attempt at it being hidden, a brown and aged guitar was stuffed into the corner the room, in between the wall and a closet. Bill's head shot to Stan, "Whu-what?"

"In the corner over there. The guitar- I assume you play if you have one, right?" Stan hummed in a nonchalant tone, his eyebrows narrowed at Bill, watching as Bill seemed to grow even more nervous than usual.

"O-oh, yeah.. I've b-buh-been playing f-for a few we-weeks.." Bill explained, dropping his pencil and moving his hand to hold his other arm, in a way to make himself seem smaller. Bill avoided eye contact- he always did.

"Do you know any songs?"

"Y-yuh-yeah.."

"Can you play me one?"

Bill's eyes widened and a soft pink tinge overcasted Bill's high cheekbones. He seemed to hesitate, but he nodded, standing up from the creaky wooden chair at the desk and walking to the small corner, pulling out the old guitar.

And he played a song that everyone knew from that year. 1991's Losing My Religion.

Stan wasn't one for REM, but he definitely was one for Bill. As he played, Stan felt his cheeks grow hot.

He likes Quentin Tarantino.

"W-whu- what d-do you mean you've nuh-never seen Reservoir D-dogs?" Bill looked at Richie with furrowed brows and eyes glazed over with disbelief.

"I've never seen it either." Beverly chimed in, followed with "Me neithers" from the rest of the group.

Well, except for Stanley. He smiled, remembering when Bill had dragged Stan to see it on opening night, the theatre packed with mostly 30 year old men. The two 16 year olds definetly stood out, but did Stanley care? No.

Because he was with Bill, and when they were sitting in those small,

uncomfortable seats, his and Bill's legs were touching the entire time. But tonight, after Bill sighed in disappointment when finding out that the rest of the group had actually ditched Stan and Bill to watch Candyman, Bill turned to Stan, "I-i'm glad atleast wu-w-one person saw it with m-me.." He cracked a smile, which Stan was seeing adorned on Bill's face more and more lately. Stan smiled back.

And really sad songs.

Stan stared up at the ceiling. Normally he'd be counting the cracks and become annoyed when one of the squares looked out of place, but today, his head rested on Bill's bed, inches away from Bill's as a pair of flimsy earbuds connected them.

Morrissey's voice pounded into Stan's ear, his hard rolled r's and the ability to sound so feminine and masculine was something that was unmistakable. Hearing the man whine about kissing under the old iron bridge until his lips were sore only clouded with thoughts of kissing bill until his lips were numb and sore, running his fingertips through Bill's soft locks.

Stan's stomach churned and impulse took over. Sitting up, the earbud fell out of his ear and he looked down at Bill, a few brown curls dangling in his face.

"S-st-stand? Do you n-not like the s-so-" Bill was cut off. Stan placed a hand on Bill's jaw, his skin cold as he pressed his lips against Bill's. Stan's heart was beating out of chest, barely able to comprehend anything as his whole body seemed to race at a million miles an hour- his thoughts, his heart, everything. Before he knew it, Bill's hand had tentatively moved up to Stan's shoulder.

For a few seconds, neither of them even moved. Their lips were touching, their bodies were touching, but they weren't kissing.

Stan pulled away, his whole body hot. They were both redder than the fire that ignited in Stan's chest. A good fire, nonetheless.

Bill was still on his back on the bed, his red lips still agape in surprise. The longer the room went in silence, the more anxious Stan grew, and within a few more seconds, Stan started to move, rambling apologies in embarrassment. Bill's hand immediately clung to Stan's, holding onto it as he adjusted, sitting up in his bed.

"Y-y-yuh-you don't h-have t-to leave.. Y-you can do it a-uh-again.." Bill mumbled, his gaze lifting to the floor to Stan's eyes.

Hey, mom. I met a boy.

He's super sad.  
But I think I love him.

**Author's Note:**

hi guys!! this is short but i wrote it in one night so yknow,, also if you draw fanart or just wanna talk hmu @bbuhbill on tumblr or insta !!  
(also i might add more?? if yall want)